Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Alexandria is not happy when she learns that her good friend Rashida had some evening delight with the racist jerkwad, Marjorie. She vows to have her revenge. One day, she invites the Georgian to her swanky apartment in D.C.'s Navy Yard neighborhood. She plans to make this woman submit to her. She aims to ensure that she will never go back to anyone ever again, including Rashida. She wants make clear that Marjorie will only listen to her orders from now on, and disregard orders from anyone else, no matter what...

Notes

Thanks to everyone for reading my last fic, entitled "Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July" (listed in the inspirations section of this fic). This fic follows up on that one. This fic goes with the assumption that Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC) still rents a place in D.C., going against one article saying she now lives in East Elmhurst, in the borough of Queens. I still think Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG) is terrible, but this fic was a bit cathartic in its own way. The names AOC uses for MTG came from a social media trend on Bluesky I saw on November 17, which was a gold mine for getting all sorts of insults.

When I talk about the belt in this fic, it was inspired by a coat AOC once wore, seemingly a luxury belted wool blend coat from Nordstrom, and while I could not find it, apart from this page, I did find others which notes that the tie belt is removable or is a sash. AOC's outfit that she changes into, in order to become the full-fledged dominatrix, is directly inspired by Issue 66 of Kink Queens Magazine, in particular pages 14, 24, and 66. Some text was further inspired by a line in this New Yorker article.

Otherwise, this fic pulls from the congressional profile for AOC on OpenSecrets, the page about the whip on Kinkly, a blogpost about whether women like breast play, a post claiming to debunk the myth of wool allergies, an article in Mashable explaining the humiliation kink, and a post about the best vibrators for women. AOC's actions are somewhat inspired by the article "BDSM and Abuse: 7 Signs Your Kinky Relationship Is Abusive."

Like other fics, this was cross-posted on Adult Fanfiction and Squidge World.

Update: This fic was updated slightly on 12/15/25, changing some wording to make the fic stronger. Thanks to everyone for reading. Another AOC/MTG fic will be coming soon.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by "I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July by lefemmerougensfw

It was the night of July 19 and seven in the evening. Marjorie was at the swanky apartment building once *again,* this time wearing a disguise. She could call Alexandria a champagne socialist, or whatever all she wanted, but this woman gave her something that her boyfriend could not. Alexandria had voted against her measure in the House to end the funding of the Iron Dome. Even worse, she had posted some message on social media to explain her vote with reasoning which made no sense. It made her sound like *a Zionist*. So, she really wanted to know what was going on. Why didn't she support it? Was she jealous of the time she had with Rashida the other night? She didn't know about that, right?

Alexandria slipped behind her and caught her off guard, declaring, "hello, you *fascist piece of shit*." She shuttered. She could have objected and said she was really a White nationalist instead. She decided to say nothing. She followed her inside, walking into the apartment building's lobby. The building had a rooftop garden, an indoor lap pool, a rooftop dog park, numerous gyms, private massage rooms, a studio for simulating golf, cycling, and yoga, a demonstration kitchen, courts for basketball, racquetball, and tennis, and 24/7 security. Right-wing media has sneered at it. Truthfully, Alexandria had been lucky to get an apartment there. She did not have much money an was saddled with student loan debt like many others.

She walked inside. Alexandria closed the door behind her. She was ready to show this *bad human*, this woman who some rightly described as "evil incarnate," what it meant to be submissive and be dominated by *her*. "Close your eyes, Marjorie," the Latina cooed. She did what she was asked, without questioning it. Carefully, without telling her, she placed her atop a shiny black vegan-friendly leather saddle, which happened to be in her living room for some reason. The blond-haired woman didn't even have a chance to respond before an adjustable belt was tightly wrapped around her waist, and her hands were tied to the saddle. Operating the controller, the Latina turned on the device, causing it to begin vibrating. She knew exactly what she was doing, as her red lips shined under the light.

Marjorie finally opened her eyes. "Alexandria, what is this?...we never agreed..." she started to say, realizing she couldn't escape. All the Latina could do was smile. She slowly turned the dial, intent on pushing past her established boundaries. She wanted to break her. Moans began to rip through Marjorie's body, which quaked with pleasure, as the intensity continued to grow. Endorphins released in her brain, fulfilling her deep-held, but denied, desires, within her. This went beyond what any woman, including this Latina, or any man, had done with her in the past.

The machine's vibrations rolled through the Georgian's body, reaching into her core. Her body almost instinctively moved back and forth, as she straddled the saddle. It had a certain comfort to it, making her begin to fall under the lull of protection. It started to bring her a form of ecstasy. On a certain level, it enhanced her sexual exploration, affecting the erogenous regions of her body in such a deep and natural way, which felt tailored to her, but uniquely satisfying at the same time.

"Don't worry, you *vile pig*, I'll keep pushing you to the brink until *you are ready* to submit." On the one hand, Alexandria hoped to change her behavior. On the other, she despised this woman with all the bones in her body. Even so, she had no problem treating her this way. She wanted to emotionally pressure her to do things she normally wouldn't agree to. In her mind,

she *deserved* that after all the harm she had caused, after doing the deed with her good friend. She couldn't, and wouldn't, forgive that.

She turned the dial even more, then walked away for a brief time, so she could change into something else. She had the right outfit for the occasion. It was an all-leather suit she had bought for reasons she didn't even remember, perhaps almost as a dare to herself, perhaps because she wanted to try it out. When she returned, Marjorie was beginning to lose it. She looked up at the Latina and her outfit.

As the leather high-heeled boot descended in front of her, she couldn't stop herself from beginning to salivate. "I'll do anything you want, *Mistress*," she said, not even sure why she said those words, or what had come over her. She pleaded with the Latina. "Can you please stop...I don't want to be a *bad girl*..." Alexandria had to stop herself from chuckling. This *damn racist loon*, as some people called her, was at her beck and call. She could do what she wanted with her. She enjoyed, on a certain level, having that power over her. Maybe that made her a "sick" person, but she did not care.

"You can only be a *good girl* if you agree to never go back to Rashida. I won't let a friend take advantage of something that's *mine*." In normal circumstances, Marjorie would have been terrified. Thanks to all the pleasure she was experiencing, feeling so vulnerable, she could only weakly reply. This was exactly what Alexandria hoped for. "Yes, Mistress, I'll only be with you...my partner Brian means *nothing* to me." The Latina grinned. Considering how terrible this woman was, she didn't really care about her physical health nor her mental health. Perhaps her jealousy was getting to her. That didn't matter to her. She craved for dominance and for an opportunity to break down this Georgian. Her health or safety didn't matter to her. On another level, she could always threaten to expose her, which would destroy her personally and politically. She'd look like a complete hypocrite to be so queerphobic but be *fucking* a woman.

"Okay, Marjorie, that's progress...however, I'm not done *yet*." She grabbed a leather blindfold which happened to be lying around, for some reason. She placed it over the woman's eyes, so she couldn’t see what was going on around her. She had no intention of influencing her through affection or attention, what some called love bombing. She didn't want that. She could have switched her accent, shifting to a different part of her bossy personality. She had done that, known as code switching, more times than she could recall. That made her a bit of a linguistic shapeshifter, allowing her to better adjust to the dominant White culture, as many others did on a daily basis. That was something she refused to do in this situation. She would dominate over Marjorie on her *own* terms.

"I'm gonna make you a *prissy cum slut* who gets your pleasure from me, and only me, and not anyone, or anything, else," the Latina boldly declared, almost like a switch inside her had been turned on. She ripped off the woman's overshirt, the adjustable belt, and began massaging her breasts. Even with her bra still on, the sensations were incredible. She couldn't stop herself from moaning once more, feeling she was on the verge of a climax. She couldn't believe what this woman was doing to her. Telling anyone about it would be out of the question. It would be a secret she'd take to her grave.

Taking charge, the socialist queen, as some called her, almost chuckled. She had no intention of caring about the needs or desires of this woman. She wanted this woman to worship *her*. She wanted this woman to fall apart before her. "Do you like that, you spiteful, hateful *bitch*? Don't worry, this is only *the beginning*." The moaning coming from the Georgian only increased, as she felt sensations she never would have imagined, thanks to the blindfold over her eyes. She'd never experienced anything like this before. She couldn't stop herself. Her love juices made her pants wet and soaked her panties. The Latina shook her finger, and remarked, "you *damn puta*, that isn't allowed."

Marjorie didn't know what she meant until the dial for the sex machine turned off completely. It was totally silent. This was bad. She was on edge and couldn't take much more of this. The Latina came closer to her and whispered in her ear. "I can touch you whenever I want, but you can't do the same with me, you fucking *payaso*." She had no idea what the words puta or payaso meant. Even so, she could tell, from the tone of her voice that they were meant to humiliate and belittle her. She didn't dare ask about the words since she was in a very compromising situation.

Stepping back slightly, she heard the Latina's powerful voice booming across the room. "You'll only orgasm when *I* tell you to, not one second before." She then added, "that's what it means to be a *good slut,* right?" The blond-haired woman weakly replied, her voice shaking, and not wanting to say the wrong thing. What came out of her mouth were words of desperation. She hoped it might end all of this "Yes, Mistress Alexandria...I *need* to release...please, let me." The Latina looked at her, begging, willing to do anything. She could see that this woman wanted to do nothing more than to bow at her feet and worship her, in that moment. She wanted to show this woman what it meant to go with the wrong person, to make it clear that she could only go to *her* from now on, not to Rashida.

"Okay, you little *zorra*...I'll give you what you desire, since you asked *so nicely*," she said, trying to further coax her compliance. Turning the dial, the sex machine hummed to life once more. With a smile across her face, she slowly adjusted the settings, hoping it would reach a point that this woman would have an earth-shattering orgasm. She pushed the Georgian further by fondling her chest, causing her mind to get lost in a sea of colors and making her unable to comprehend what was happening to her.

Her love juices released and hard, wettening her own pants again, and the leather saddle. She was sitting in a puddle of her own pleasure. The Latina cackled. She was enjoying herself. "Oh my, what a disgraceful *perra*...you really did this all for me...maybe I should go even further." She took off the leather blindfold, so that Marjorie could finally see what she had done. She was incredibly embarrassed with herself. She'd never be able to live this down. That was exactly the idea. That was exactly what she had been going for. "I really am a *Christian slut* now," she admitted.

Alexandria howled with laughter. She couldn't believe this woman was finally realizing it. How had she not recognized it yet? She shook her head and moved closer to the blond-haired woman, who still had her arms tied to the saddle. "Well, if *you* are a slut, then I'm a Latina Dominatrix. I'm *no* socialist slut." When she said that, it sparked a rare disagreement from this woman, who was 15 years older than her. It was rare because she'd been conditioned to

agree with everything this fiery Latina had said. She might consider it an act of resistance, something she didn't welcome.

"I don't know what a dominatrix is...but...*you are* a socialist slut...that is obvious." Alexandria would not stand for this. She had to get this mentality out of her, to get her to fully surrender herself. She came right up to this woman's face, inches in front of her, cackling as heard as she can. "I'm gonna give it to you straight, you *guarra*. The only one who is a slut is *you*, the one on the leather saddle. I'm the one with the power here, not you. Don't you ever forget that." She proceeded to unhook Marjorie's bra. Her right hand slapped the woman's now-exposed, supple breasts, causing her to yelp in pain. Realizing that she didn't have everything she needed, and remembering a video she watched online some time ago, she walked out of the room. It was all coming back to her.

The Georgian pleaded for her to stay. "Where are you going? You can't leave me here like this!" She returned a few minutes later with a fashionable belt. She didn't have anything fancy like a leather whip, such as a flogger, used to intensify pleasure through a form of pain. She had a thick blue-black wool-blend belt, serving as a sash for an outfit. She had worn many belts in her fashionable outfits over the years, including those which were cotton, green, or brown leather. As such, she had many to choose from. This looked to be the right one.

She wielded this sash with such force that it moved through the air like a usual leather belt, slapping against Marjorie's skin, causing her skin to become reddened. It did not sting in the same sharp, and concentrated way, as a leather belt, but was more widespread instead. It had a certain sensation, creating an intense, lingering burn. The blond-haired woman cried out in pain as it slapped against her body. Immediately following her first strike, the area appeared tender. Alexandria had no intention of stopping. She kept using the belt to whip this part of her body. The area began to be bruised, with feeling of a dull, and deep, aching, growing ever stronger. She kept swinging the belt, making the skin even more inflamed.

Marjorie was soon in a daze from all the pain, from all the endorphins which had been released in her brain. She had reactions she didn't expect. She felt a certain kind of sexual pleasure, even when the pain could be sharp, although it was from a belt rather than from an advanced kind of whip. Everything was happening the way the Latina had hoped. "Good. That's how you should be acting, you *chichi*," she declared. With her body beginning to ache, she could only fall further into the lull of "safety." She couldn't escape or get out of it. She was near total, and unconditional, capitulation.

The Latina had one more card to play, one more act she could do in order to ensure that this *cabron* would fully accept her as the only one who could ever give her any pleasure. Although she had taken off the woman's bra, exposing her bosom, her panties remained. She loosened the straps around the woman's arms. She moved her off the saddle. With Marjorie still in a daze, she let this woman guide her to the nearby couch. She turned off the sex machine. It was there that the Latina took off her pants, and panties, exposing the rest of her body. She had no intention of *directly* doing it with her. A machine would do the work instead. It would help her achieve the domination she sought.

"You really are *White nationalist trash*, Marjorie. And I'll make that clear with one more 'present' to ensure that you are nothing more than a worthless whore...that follows my commands." She moved the woman's hands toward her altar of pleasure and told her to open it wide. While she shook her head, not wanting to do so, as it would reveal herself too much, the Latina insisted, threatening to cause more pain if she didn't comply. Pulling out a small, stylish, and minimalist cone-shaped device, she thrust it inside this woman's special place and pressed a button, setting it to the highest speed setting. It could keep going for one-and-half hours before it needed to be recharged.

The Georgian couldn't stop herself from throwing her hands back in pleasure, or for erotic moans to come out of her mouth. She no longer had control of her voice. The intensity was only heightened when the Latina mixed techniques. She fondled her breasts, squeezing each tit between her fingers, and slapping her with the blue-black belt. Everything came together. The blond-haired woman felt so humiliated, so defeated, so put down. She couldn't think of anything else.

Without any prompting, she said, "Alexandria, I admit it...you are right about me...I'm *trash*...I'm *a slut*." The Latina smiled. She couldn't be happier with what this woman said next, undoubtedly impacted by the pleasure she was experiencing with everything that happened that night. It almost poured out of the woman's mouth, between her moans. "I'll do anything...just please make this stop...I can't take it anymore...I can't...," she cried out. She could have escaped and left. At this point, she had chosen to stay and be treated this way. The Latina had no need to call her "basura" at this point or ask her to "chupame la chichi." Instead, she had other plans for her.

"Well, *missy*, I'll let you go if you agree to one thing." Marjorie nodded. She'd follow anything what this woman said. When the next day came, she'd certainly remember it all. She might continue with her hateful rhetoric. Alexandria expected that. Even so, it was worth a try. With her being in such a state, she might agree. "You *have* to be nicer to people. You *have* to respect people for who they are." It was a simple demand. She hoped that with that, she'd slowly change, abandon the orange fascist, and move toward becoming a better person. She'd have to repudiate her past self, but that was fine.

"Okay, I'll try," she said. The Latina wouldn't accept this for an answer, so she twisted her tits, causing her a bout of pain once more. She could tell this wasn't how she was *supposed* to answer. She shouted out her reply. "Okay, I will!" She hoped this would be enough to satisfy this gorgeous woman. Alexandria nodded. It was enough. She was done with her for now. She had done what she could. She had to get back to the rest of her life and doing what she could for her constituents.

She pulled the vibrator out of the Georgian's moist folds and smiled, as it was covered fully in that woman's slick. "You did so well, you *slut*. Maybe I'll do more next time." She demanded that Marjorie leave, saying their time was up, and that she'd call on her again in the future. In a panic, she quickly put on her clothes and departed, despite the fact that they were partially soaked with her love juices. She had no choice. She had to wear them. As she departed, she kept thinking about what happened that night and what as next. She didn't know. One thing was sure: she'd certainly see this Latina again.

It would take her days to recover from the pain she experienced, causing it to be a while before she returned to her congressional office. When she did, she knew that nothing was the same. On a certain level, she wanted to get back at this woman. She quickly dismissed those thoughts. She vowed to try to change herself, so she could live up to the Latina and herself. Whether this was a form of rebranding, or was genuine, that was up to those closely watching her, including the Latina dominatrix...

End Notes

This fic is loosely inspired by some users on the since-banned sub on Reddit called "AOCisMommy" that I found through the Wayback Machine. It seems like a bunch of horny people attracted to her looks or something. It's weird and bizarre but a gold mine for fics like this. Also, this fic relied upon three Wikipedia pages ("Erotic sexual denial", "Female submission", and "Erotic humiliation"), parts of "128 BDSM Humiliation & Degradation Kink Ideas," What Is Orgasm Denial? Here Are Five Expert-Approved Ways to Try It For Yourself (the section not behind a paywall)," "A beginner's guide to sensation play" and "Erotic Humiliation and Degradation." I was further inspired by "121 Spanish Swear Words, Curses, Slang, Phrases, Insults, Colloquialisms and Expletives! Learn How To Speak Spanish!," "Spanish Curse Words: Bad Words & Insults in Spanish," and "14 Spanish Curse Words Every Learner Should Eventually Know." I double-checked with Google Translate. Puta means "whore" and perra means "bitch" in Spanish. Basura means "trash," cabron means "asshole," zorra means "slut," guarra means "whore," chupame la chichi means "suck my pussy," and payaso means "clown," to name a few. There are others on a webpage I found entitled "How to Insult Someone in Spanish." I didn't use any of those.

In the process of writing this fic, I read about the "Lovense Spinel app-controlled thrusting sex machine" from Kate Sloan, and related articles here, and here, and this thrusting machine. What really served as an influence on this fic was not an article from Mistress Kay on Kinkly saying that sex machines "allow you to experience orgasmic pleasure without ever having to lift a finger," that some machines “come equipped with a thrusting dildo while others may just provide powerful vibrations,” and that “many sex machines are focused toward female pleasure," but the "Sex machine" Wikipedia page. The sex machine in this fic is inspired by the "Saddle Buck and Fuck Machine" on the Kink Store, the "50X Saddle Pro Sex Machine with 4 Attachments" and the "Forced Orgasm Belt with Saddle Straps" on Extreme Restraints (especially this one), and, to a lesser extent, the "Deluxe Wand Saddle" and "4 in 1 Banging Bench with Sex Machine" on Extreme Restraints, "The Cowgirl Saddle Sex Machine" and "Whip Smart Inflatable Bondage Chair" on PinkCherry, "Saddle Rider Forced Orgasm Straps" and "Domination Chair with Sex Machine" on the Kink Store, plus other images of sex machines through internet searches, listing of sex machines in Cosmopolitan magazine back in January 2024, and other sites.

I did not take information from the Wikipedia page "Dominance and submission." Even though it was not an inspiration, there is an interesting article entitled "The BDSM Origins of Wonder Woman." Lastly, there's articles about AOC and switching accents and code switching in The Daily Dot, HuffPost and Newsweek.

Works inspired by this one

The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed by lefemmerougensfw

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